

Kill La Kill - May Thy Flower Never Blossom

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Through unlucky events, Nui Harime is brought back to life - seeing how she lost everything, she plots revenge on Ryuko. To do so, she kidnaps Mako, forcing Ryuko to enter REVOCS for a final fight. With Mako though, Nui is exposed to something she never experienced. A story based on Nui Harime, with heart breaking revelations, having Nui as main protagon and partially the narrator...

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Should You Kneel To Desire

"Look at you, my dear.

Look at you - look at what you are made of. Look at your heritage. Look at the essence of life flowing through you. Look at the woman that gave you access to this world of pleasure.

Look at the world you were allowed to access. Look at what it is - a sandbox of madness, a blueprint of regret and pity being the principles of downfall. Look at what it's being ruled with - with violence, intimidation, desire, lust, sin. Look at what is necessary to use it - live, to take lives, and live, to give life.

The existence of humanity is a sin born from the first man and woman to ever bow down to the life fibers - a sin, manifested in clothing. Our bodies of flesh will repent with blood, for it is Yours - Yours to devour, to grow, to blossom like the gardens of this estate you wander, whenever you should kneel to desire, and forget who you are. Such is your being - perfect, and yet so imperfect. Made of clothing, and made by a mistress once human, a mistress that desires to be like you - it saddens me to know I will never ascend into this state you find yourself in, young Harime.

And yet, my sin is fulfilled - you are mine. I am the sinner, and you are the sin. I am the one you serve, and I am the mistress that will grant eternalism, materialized in cloths, once this world is covered, exposed to it's sins.

Humans are worthless, and the life fibers will raise out of their bloody ashes, and it will spread its silk like fangs onto the universe.

And you, my Grand Couturier, will experience the day when humanity vanishes - should you not kneel to desire.

There is only me - and there are only the life fibers you consist of, and the life fibers you serve for. You serve their, and my essence. You are mine... and I will be yours. Be grateful - you are sublime. Show thy gratitude with all the sacrifices necessary to fulfill our cause.

Let all love drive, for it is temporary. Let all emotions drive, for they make you human. Let all desires drive... they may be your downfall.

You live to serve. You live to cut.

You live to die.

Rejoice - rejoice in this eternal nihilism that will wash humanity away... such is your way."

"... yes, Lady Ragyo."

But Don't Think You'll Get Away

Like shooting stars, humanity fell from the sky. The sky lights up in rough red colors for a short moment, and one impulse later, the COVERS, developed by Ragyo Kiryuin and Nui Harime, are gone. And with them, the tyranny of the life fibers that haunted humanity for thousands of years like the parasites they were.

With that, the war against the life fibers is over, and Satsuki's ambitions have been fulfilled. And Ryuko's revenge is finished, even though it was not her who ended it. But that comes with a price - with Senketsu. Even though he was clothing, he was more human than most others she met in her life. His sacrifice and his existence proves that despite all the madness humanity had to go through thanks to the life fibers, conscience and feelings were there. Perhaps everything could have been different, and perhaps those that fell for the life fibers corruption could have lived. Perhaps the life fibers could have lived together with humanity.

But that is a thought that cannot become true anymore. Maybe that's for the better. Who knows what would have happened if the life fibers would be able to spread over the earth, still. With Ryuko, only one hybrid is left. Half life fibers, half human. Undying in her physical condition, and the only thing that will bring her end will be an old age, or a disease. Wounds do not matter anymore.

Ryuko is falling from the sky, and her friends and family is trying to catch up on her. Until she's here, a minute or two will pass, most likely. She can find solace in this family she gathered around her. Senketsu may be dead, but he'll stay with her - in the sky, and in her heart, and she does not have to fear the future anymore. No one has to.

No matter how it'll look like, it will not be ruled by the life fibers. The scarcely spread life fibers left can be found on the battlefield of Honnouji Academy, or at the REVOCS Tower. A building that reigns

over all of Tokyo, larger than any of its skyscrapers - a watchful thing that will always act as a warning. From the sky, one can see the tower very well. An incredibly large complex, inhabiting dark secrets.

In the middle of this battlefield, dead Nudist Beach warriors - warriors that gave their life for freedom. Their sacrifice was not for nothing. They will be remembered and kept in honour. It's the least they deserve. They may not experience the day after the war, but like Senketsu, they know they did the right thing.

Hundreds of heads lie on the ground. Dead life fibers whose lights have left this world, that lie there now. All these parasites are gone now. And not much remains of the primordial life fiber, the thing the life fibers were born of. It has been absorbed by Shinra Koketsu - now it's a big corpse. Only its foundation is left, and it's dissolving fast. Though - despite all of the death here, a single life is left.

There is a clone of the Grand Couturier, Nui Harime, that walks upon the destruction, a clone that most likely has not been able to follow its mistress' call. Possibly because this clone has been incapacitated during combat against the Elite Four and Nudist Beach. It must have been unconscious.

This clone walks through the ruins, trying to find its mistress, but all that is left is the remains of its dead, fellow clones. However, the clone feels a call. It feels as if a little bit of conscience is left. But that cannot be, can it? With Shinra Koketsu being absorbed into Senketsu and Senketsu being burned alive, Nui's mind must have been deleted too. She cannot exist.

Or can she?

The clone seeks its mistress - and finds on the grounds of the spiky, destroyed primordial life fiber a head, bathed in torment and maybe, maybe sadness. It's pining for a feeling the clone and possibly the dead head cannot comprehend.

This is Nui Harime. Or what is left of her.

The clone stumbles to the dead mistress and examines the broken neck - the life fibers on it dissolve in vain. In a few hours, this head will be gone, no doubt about that. Shocked by this gaze, the clone falls to it's knees, raising the mistress' head and looking into the empty eye that stares back.

It's that very moment where the clone realizes what it has to do - transforming it's arms into needles and decapitating itself, following her call.

But instead of dissolving too, the life fibers of the original Nui Harime seem to connect with the neck of the body - that must be the reason why it's not dissolving after all. With the few powers and the even fewer time, the threads connect themselves, bind and fuse, drag itself together, and in a matter of seconds, it appears as if REVOCS' Grand Couturier has never died.

Suddenly, she stands up, fighting for fresh air, falls with her black, right arm forward and landing on the head of the clone. Blood flows down her neck. The heart on it has been cut into two. And Nui coughs, and she coughs a lot, and her neck burns, and her body stutters for a moment, for it should have been gone long ago. But after a short moment, the life fibers of the primordial life fiber where she stands and died on, collect each other and flow into her body, strengthening it and improving it from a mere clone who cannot take a hit to the old Nui - being able to get hit by whatever weaponry. As long as the will is there, she is there.

And with that, she gazes upon the sky, seeing the shooting stars. Seeing the dead life fibers. Seeing all of those she sought to kill - her appellation suicide has failed. In the hope of convincing her "mama" she would be her true daughter. In the distant hope her "mama" would win this battle.

All of this was for nothing. Everything is breaking apart. And alone, she cannot take on humanity. No more life fibers. No more mama. All that is left is Nui herself.

"No... no no no..." she laments desperately while watching everything break apart, and her mind being shattered by this truth, delivered by Ryuko and Satsuki.

Ryuko is clearly visible in the sky, and she falls onto the courtyard of the Academy where Satsuki and the rest of her family is waiting eagerly. A bang can be heard, and Ryuko has disappeared behind the walls that are far away and upon Nui's body.

Around her, everything and everyone is dead, and nothing can bring that back. Mama is dead and she cannot bring her back. Mama would be very angry.

But if Ryuko believes she won this battle now, then she's wrong. The young Grand Couturier who's just as old as Ryuko, bites her teeth together, slowly standing up in vain and looking upon these walls, her body drowning in agony, and to manifest this agony furthermore, she rips apart the eyepatch. Blood flows, and it's inhuman amounts of blood, and an ugly wound - for a moment, you can see directly into her head. Hidden behind all these life fibers seem to really be a brain, and a conscience, deeply buried - but that view doesn't hold up for long, and in a matter of seconds, the punishment she had to accept to repent her sin disappears. And instead, an eye is created in this moment. A bloody, red one, and even after the wound is healed, a few tears of blood leave it, staining her face and once more proving the imperfection she is.

With the left eye red and the right eye blue, she looks upon the victory of humanity. Everyone is dead. And it's all because of Ryuko. Because of Ryuko, mama is dead. And because of Ryuko, all others are dead.

All she does is whisper something to herself in anger.

"... but... don't think... you'll get away... sis... ter..." she mumbles aggressive... and eventually falls, filled with pain, back into the primordial life fiber, and back into unconsciousness - a dry body, seeking for revenge.

Just like Ryuko. For she and Nui are two sides of the same coin...

KILL la KILL

May Thy Flower Never Blossom

Play the KILL la KILL Intro 2...

Upon Nightfall You Will Cry For Me

The dawn after the battle. The life fibers on the battlefield have vanished - vaporated into tiny little cells, rising to the sky. The Nudist Beach fighters that fell in combat have been given a funeral. And with them, possibly the last true life fiber threat.

All of this leaves a bittersweet note for Ryuko, while everyone around her is celebrating. With Mako, she walks through the ruined city, and the fields of the city - wearing their usual clothes, just like everyone else. What's left in the city is taken with.

In one of these alleyways, Ryuko and Mako walk through, on their way to the Academy. Now that Ragyo is gone, there is no reason to uphold the disguise and tyranny of the island, hence the last preparations before everyone leaves Honno.

"Mako, I'll be honest... I don't think I will miss any of this."

"How do you feel now? I mean, you were in space, how cool is that!? I would have loved to be in space! I wonder how it's like to eat croquettes there!?"

"Haha, ain't so great, really. Surprised I didn't die there to choking - well, life fibers, I suppose."

"Now they are all gone..."

"Mhm. I wonder if that was everything."

"Mom said they'll come back... but honestly I feel like this was just a bluff. On the other hand, these things can come up with the wildest ways to surprise someone."

"You even ripped apart this Kamui from the skin."

"Yes."

"That was insane."

"Or something..." Ryuko answers and continues to walk through. On their way up to the gates, they stumble upon a few Nudist Beach members who bring away the remaining, destroyed life fibers. Among those life fibers is a pink bow. Ryuko doesn't mind it at all and passes by, but Mako stands still for a moment and looks at them.

"Mako, come."

She takes a few steps forward.

"Hey, Mako, what is it?" Ryuko asks confused and then notices the bow Mako gazes at.

"Glad this bitch's gone."

"... you know, she said Mama before she did it."

"So?"

"Do you think she..."

"I don't, Mako. Drop it." Ryuko orders, clearly displaying her persisting disdain. Mako nods, though she wanted to say more. She looks to the sky for a moment, sighs and moves on, as the life fibers behind her are being burned away. Now that they know with enough heat, they can be damaged, what is left of them will disappear soon too.

In the alleys of the lower city, fiends take whatever they can. Here and there, one can find clothes made of actual cloths and not alien material. All these lost houses are being raided. Life on Honno is coming to an end today.

On a tower relatively far away from the Academy, the evil Grand Couturier looks down to the humans - for now, she has retreated to gain strength and prepare a plan. The tower reaches high, up to the

walls of Honnouji, yet it is a few kilometers away from it. Harime watches everything. Her focus is set on Ryuko who she can see with her eyes very well and clear - she's entering the Academy right now.

"Really hanging on your stupid little girlfriend, don't you, dear Ryuko?" she wonders curious and throws her gaze at Mako.

In the meantime, Nui crochets life fibers into new clones. Those life fibers are from herself - she can generate them in her body, after all. Next to her is a large needle blade - it might not be able to harm Ryuko and vice versa, though it's still dangerous enough for humans. Well, perhaps it's not in Nui's interest to physically harm Ryuko. After all, most damage has been dealt in Nui's head - it's a far higher tribute to take your own life in a desperate attempt to win than to lose your arms. And both her and Ryuko cannot kill each other. If anything, the only way to win is to break the other first. Nui knows that.

After a few minutes on the tower, Nui climbs down the ladder into a little room with additional life fibers. She seems to be experimenting with a few of her clones and continues the work there. At one point, she can hear some noises coming from Honnouji, but it doesn't sound like anything too interesting. It's possible the humans are just doing their own business again, Nui ain't gonna understand it anyway, so why bother? She has all the time in the world and some of the best plans take time.

A good hour or two passes until an explosion that wakes her interest, followed by something like an earthquake. Quickly, Nui climbs up the ladder again. She seems morbidly impressed as she notices Honnouji-Academy has been split into two and the islands ground is shattering, hearing a tender scream from Ryuko, saying she'd graduate from Ragyo. Whatever she said, it's bothering Nui.

The young psycho does notice however that, thanks to Ryuko's action the island sinking. She rolls with her eyes and goes back to the room where a single window allows the sun to shine into. There, she packs her gear into a little bag except for a piece of clothing that

appears to be a skin, a disguise she used once, calling herself "Shinjiro Nagita" back then. Well, this is an completely different person. She puts that skin on.

It fits perfectly well, not too tight and it makes her, or momentarily, him, look great. Hastily collecting everything she needs, Nui climbs up the ladder one last time and uses something like a wingsuit to fly towards the beach of Honno. The streets are sinking and the humans down there are trying their best to reach the boats. The idea with the wingsuit doesn't seem to be too far off. Some people seem to be using parachutes, and on the Academy's courtyard, a few smart students with technical expertise seem to build their own boat, or helicopter, or something entirely different - it's not clear yet.

The beach is full of people. Members of Nudist Beach prepare the boats, students and families enter them. Mikisugi and Tsumugu coordinate the escapees - wherever you look at are humans. Rather chaotic here, but that is to expect when you lose the ground under your feet. More and more boats get ready and leave the island, and with that, leaving a life of tyranny and entering one of freedom - at least as free as you can be in these postapocalyptic times. Outside of Honnouji, violence is common after all, as seen in the various schools Satsuki conquered for her campaign.

Between all these humans, Nui, disguised as a young man, enters a boat, keeping her eyes as long as possible on Ryuko or at least Satsuki, depending on the situation. Suspicion fills her though as she notices Rei Hoomaru. On a boat. Being supported by the Nudist Beach members. Being supported by Satsuki.

What is that all about?

Has she betrayed Ragyo too?

Of course she did. Ragyo wouldn't like that, and even though she isn't here anymore, Nui acts with best knowledge and conscience after her ideals - she knows though that killing people isn't going to help anymore. It isn't even worth it.

There is something advantageous in Hoomaru's betrayal though. Nui could tail Ryuko, but while Ryuko isn't the smartest, she is keen and bold, and she'll notice it if she's observing her. Nui could imagine well that Satsuki has convinced Hoomaru one way or another, and she must be in contact with Satsuki. Maybe Hoomaru knows what Ryuko and Satsuki are up to. If not, she has a means to blackmail Satsuki. In any case, before she takes upon Ryuko, she wants to have a word with Hoomaru now. That's the least she could do for her beloved mistress.

If only there is a way to find out where exactly Ryuko would go to. She could quickly prepare a piece of clothing or two with which she could track her down... but Ryuko would never wear that. Again, she isn't stupid enough for that.

But Mako might be. If there would be a chance...

The little journey from Honno to the beaches of Honshu is taking a while, and around Nui, people continue to celebrate their victory. She lowers her head to ensure no one notices her frustration. Without life fiber friends and Ragyo, or at least a Hoomaru to annoy and let steam off onto, she does feel all lonely and helpless all of a sudden. All these humans around her. All these people that shouldn't live in her opinion. And at the very front of the fleet, a relieved Ryuko.

For many people, this is the beginning of a new chapter. The ending of every journey is the start of a new one. The sun is sinking.

"... if only mama would be here..." she mumbles quietly to herself, revealing a weak and rather hurt person. Harime stays like that for a brief moment and looks up to Ryuko, and her short call for warmth switches into well disguised anger again.

While this war may be over, this campaign of revenge hasn't. Ryuko may have righteously started this final battle months ago in the old mansion of her father, but she hasn't ended it yet.

It's ironic.

After all, now it's Nui who seeking revenge.

How Paradox Your Existence Is 1-2

A light goes on and steps become audible. There is nothing but a white room, inhabiting a single flower in the far, far distance. When taking a closer gaze at the walls, a pattern can be seen on the white walls - more flowers that seem to paint a large garden, subtle and at first difficult to comprehend, but the longer you look at it, the more it becomes visible this garden has withered long ago.

Classic, if somewhat disturbing music is hearable. As if a piece of Beethoven or Mozart is played, but it's distorted to the point it sounds like from a nightmare. An interpretation of a calming piece, reduced to a horrible distortion, made up by a broken, sad mind.

A moment later, Ragyo Kiryuin appears in this room, standing three steps behind the flower, looking down on it and the person she watches.

She is watching you.

She is watching me. Mama always watches me.

"The philosophers of this world are conflicted. They always been conflicted. They say humans are animalistic. They say they are wild monsters, drowning in their inclinations - once, a man said to use your mind, to free yourself, to understand the world, to understand humanity as a whole.

But if you ask me, Harime, humanity was never able to truly understand itself." Ragyo claims as she walks to us. Have you ever wondered what a mind looks like, mon cher?

I think minds are strange - mine is still intact and I don't know why. Truth is, I should have been gone. I was, yesterday, at the very least. Cut my head off for the mistress that raised me so greatly. I'd do anything for her. I'd do everything for her. There was no one else but

her. I'm not one of those philosophers, that's, to put it simple, pretty boring, and I'm, as you know, a fun type of person.

Though, I should let mama speak. It's not polite to interrupt someone.

"What do you see in this flower?"

...

Do you have an answer, my dear? What do you think, love?

"Beyond it's beauty, all I see is a weak, little stem. A weak spot, waiting to be used. One that can be used to make the world obedient - one that makes humans so obedient. What do you think is this weakness?"

It's in every human. Everyone wants to claim this weakness for themselves. A sad rest of what they experienced at the very start of their life, at least in most cases.

Watch." Ragyo says and pulls the flower out of the pot - roots are revealed.

"All these roots that desperately search for a hold, a grip that calls itself "Home". No matter who you are - deep inside you, an anchor is set into the endless ocean, an ocean you drown into, for it is what many people seek as "family" - the feeling of having one.

But, as purifying water may be, family drowns you. Family kills you. I've learned this lesson a long time ago. It's temporary. Unlike the hunger. The hunger always stays. You seek for this blood, and it is good, as blood is infinite, and you prove that.

And yet it's strange how paradox your existence is. There is blood flowing through you - it is produced inside you. It makes you special. It makes you magnificent - perfect in a sense that you do not need to still your hunger.

But that magnificence comes with a price that almost makes me want to take back this perfection.

You have this wish of having a family yourself, don't you? I see it in your pure, blue eyes."

...

"I will cleanse you of this weakness... I love your being, I love everything about you. Day and night I wish I would be like you - I feel joy to know about your existence.

Do not throw this gift away. You look human, you feel human, but you aren't, and there is no reason to be such. You are ultimately clothing. You've always been made to be clothing.

It would anger me if you'd believe different. You wouldn't want to anger me, would you?"

"... no, Lady Ragyo." is what I answer.

My neck is cut.

My head falls from my body, and I watch how all of my cells dissolve. My final cut into a perfect piece of clothing. Yet there is no vessel - I only fall onto the white ground while my brain slowly loses it's ability to work. I cannot speak, all I can do is watch now. Watch how the pure ground is stained with my blood.

"You were my downfall, Harime. It's good we both have vanished. And yet you live somehow. Accept your weak being - you are obsessed with me, and it was good as long as you worked. Strange to see that you've always worked, but when the time came to end it all and make you my perfection, my Shinra Koketsu, you failed.

No one shall mourn for you."

Ragyo dissolves into thousands of life fibers pieces, as if her heart exploded.

But haven't I done everything she wanted? All I wanted her is to love me.

Life is funny, because it's so unfair.

Am I dreaming?

I can't see anything anymore. It's as if I am being devoured by the life fibers.

I'm scared...